THE PARENT's PIOUS GIFT;

OR

A CHOICE PRESENT FOR CHILDREN:

SET FORTH IN

A Dialogue between a Religious Father, and a EXTRAVAGANT SON.

To which is added,

A Hymn on the Day of Judgment.

THE

PARENT's PIOUS GIFT;

OR A

Choice Preſent for Children.

FATHER.

TELL me, dear Son, what do you mean to do?
This vicious courſe of life will bring you to
Deſtruction, if you venture to proceed;
Therefore return, return, my ſon, with ſpeed.

SON.

What need you thus concern yourſelf for me,
Reſolv'd I am to take my liberty:
Why ſhould I not, ſince other do?
The world methinks is pleſant to my view.

FATHER.

Thoſe pleaſant joys but for a moment laſt,
And when the golden ſtream is gone and paſt,
The ſting of conſcience then brings up the rear:
Conſider this, my Son and ſtand in fear.

SON.

What ſhould I fear that has this world at will?
Beſides, my fellow-boon companions ſtill
Delight themſelves in mirth and jolity;
Behold they feaſt, dance, drink, & why not I?

FATHER.

If wilful men will wilfully run on,
And break thro' all the laws of God and man,
It is no Chriſtian argument that you
For friendſhip's ſake, ſhould ſin & periſh too.

SON.

Perhaps I feaſt as other gallants may,
Perhaps with wine I paſs my time away;
With ſuch delights my ſenſes ſhall be cloy'd,
Why were they ſent if not to be enjoy'd!

FATHER.

My ſon, theſe things are as bleſſings ſent
Purely for man's refreſhing nouriſhment;
But if in any wiſe they are abus'd
How can you think the ſin can be excus'd,
Thy lawleſs mirth diſturbs my quiet reſt,
My aged heart lies bleeding in my breaſt,
To the ſad deſtruction of my Son;
Why will you thus to diſmal ruin run?
Why will you not bad company forſake?
Why will you not my Chriſtian counſel take?
Why will you ſin and ſlight the means of grace?
Return, return, whilſt thou haſt time & ſpace.

SON.

Father, ſhould I your awful will obey, [ſay
And quite forſake my friends, what ſhould they
Not one of them but will ſcoff, I'm ſure,
For ſerious men they never could endure,

Conſcience begins to call me by degrees;
Then were I not in danger to diſpleaſe
My jovial friends, I would religious grow,
But they will count me this and that I know.

FATHER.

My Son, let lew'd company ſay their worſt,
Be thon religious. true, upright, and juſt;
Thou ſhalt be crown'd with glory for the ſame,
While thoſe that ſlight thee may be crown'd with ſhame.
Paſs through the vale of low humility,
And righteous men ſhall thy companions be;
Whoſe patience, like a golden ſhield ſhall ſcreen
Thy ſoul, my ſon, from ſatan's hateful ſpleen
Frequent the church, and put away thy ſins:
Keep cloſe to God who is the beſt of friends,
He'll be thy hope, thy ſtrength, and comfort then;
If ſo, what need'ſt thou fear the ſons of men?
But ſhould you ſlight your God, and hug your pride,
If without grace you can be ſatisfy'd;
If to the houſe of prayer you will not go,
His love will turn to wrath and endleſs woe,

SON.

Father, my eyes are open, and I ſee
Deſtruction ready to be pour'd on me!
With more than common grief I am oppreſt
Where ſhall I fly to find a place of reſt?

If to my wealth, alas! what comfort's there?
If to my pride, that cannot eaſe my care!
If, laſtly, to my tavern friends I fly,
They can't help me, they've ſinn'd as well as I,
No hoye I have but in my God alone,
Then on my bended knees before the throne
Of grace and mercy will I weed and cry;
Hoping he will vouchſafe to caſt an eye
Of pity on a ſinner in diſtreſs:
His laws henceforth I never will tranſgreſs,
But make them my continual rule and guide,
That through his grace I may be glorify'd.

TEMPTER.

I ſtand amaz'd to ſee you weeping here,
Your zealous father has been too ſevere;
But mind him not, chear up thy heart with wine,
Whene'er he dies all that he has is thine.

SON.

I neither ſtand in need of wine or wealth,
It is my precious ſouls eternal health
Which I am ſeeking; tempter don't intrude,
Diſturb me not in this my ſolitude.

TEMPTER.

Diſturb thee, no! I come, I come in love,
And would not have thee to aim aim at things
above
Thy underſtanding; caſt that book aſide,
And with thy jovial friends be ſatisfy'd,
There's joy & mirth fir for thy bloominh years,
Here's nought but ſobs with bitter ſighs & tears

Chear up, my darling, and thy joys renew,
Let other weep that has more cauſe than you.

SON.

Had ever ſinner greater cauſe than I,
Alas! there does a weighty burden lie
Upon my wounded tender conſcience here;
Undone I am if God ſhould be ſevere.

TEMPTER.

What a ſtrange feud and paſſion thou art in,
There's many thouſands worſe than thou haſt been
For wickedneſs, I'll make it well appear,
Who ne'er ſo much as ſhed a ſingle tear.
You never dipt your hands in infant's blood!
You ne'er laid cities in a wrecking flood!
Theſe are the ſins that do for vengeance call,
But as for thine they're few or none at all.
Perhaps ſome times at cards or dice you play,
And now and then upon the ſabbath-day
You take a glaſs or bottle with your friends!
What if you do, theſe are but ſlender ſins!

SON.

How can you theſe deceitful words expreſs?
What is the dreadful ſin of drunkenneſs,
And the profaning of the ſabbath-day
Of ſuch a ſmall accnunt with you, I pray?

TEMPTER.

I charge you in the bleſſed name
Of our great God to go from whence ye came.

SON.

I've ſet my hand unto the p'ough this day,
And, live or die, I'll not be drawn away.

SATAN.

What, do you ſlight my love & kindneſs then?
If ſo, perhaps I'll move the ſons of men
To proſecute thee even unto death.

SON.

I fear thee not, life's but a blaſt of breath.
Let wicked men and devils do their worſt,
I have a God in whom I put my truſt;
Who can and will defend me evermore,
While on my knees I do his aid implore.

When ſatan found he could not make him yield
With rage and fury ſtraight he quits the field:
While this ſweet youth thro' faith and patience run,
To finiſh the great work he had begun.
Farewel, farewel, falſe friends, quoth he, adieu!
I have no pleaſure nor delight in you;
The grace of God is more to me he cry'd,
Than all the riches in the world beſide.
Bleſſed be God that e'er I was reprov'd;
Bleſſed be my father, who in kindneſs moor'd
His ſtubborn ſon, by force of argument,
For this has brought me early to repent.

This is a gift for parents far and near,
Present it to their ſons and daughters dear,
That by this youth they may a pattern take,
And for the love of God their ſins forſake.

On the Day of Judgment.

LET the ſeventh angel ſound on High,
Let ſhouts be heard thro' all the ſky;
Kings of the earth with glad accord,
Give up your Kingdoms to the Lord.

Almighty God thy power aſſume,
Who waſt, and art, and is to come:
Jeſus thē Lamb, who once was ſlain,
For ever live, for ever reign!

The angry nations fret and roar,
That they can ſlay the ſaints no more:
On wings of vengeance flies our God,
To pay the long arears of blood.

Now muſt the riſing dead appear;
Now the deciſive ſentence hear;
Now the dear martyrs of the Lord
Receive an infinite reward.

FINIS.